J. Smith Sculp^t

THE MERRY WIVES OF *WINDSOR.*

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES.

By *SHAKESPEAR.*

LONDON:

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MDCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR John Falstaff.
Fenton, *a young Gentleman of small Fortune, in Love with Mrs.* Anne Page.
Shallow, *a Country Justice.*
Slender, *Cousin to* Shallow, *a foolish Country 'Squire.*
Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen dwelling at* Windsor.
Mr. Ford, }
Sir Hugh Evans, *a* Welch *Parson.*
Dr. Caius, *a* French *Doctor.*
Host of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*
Bardolph, }
Pistol, } *Sharpers attending on* Falstaff.
Nym, }
Robin, *Page to* Falstaff.
William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr.* Page.
Simple, *Servant to* Slender.
Rugby, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Mrs. Page, *Wife to Mr.* Page.
Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr.* Ford.
Mrs. Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr.* Page, *in Love with* Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE WINDSOR.

THE

THE MERRY WIVES OF *WINDSOR.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Juſtice Shallow, Slender, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR *Hugh*, perſuade me not; I will make a *Star-chamber* Matter of it: If he were twenty Sir *John Falſtaff*'s, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow*, Eſq;

Slen. In the County of *Glouceſter*, Juſtice of Peace, and *Coram*.

Shal. Ay, Couſin *Slender*, and *Cuſtalorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *Ratolorum* too; and a Gentleman born, Maſter Parſon, who writes himſelf *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time theſe three hundred Years.

Slen. All his Succeſſors gone before him, have don't; and all his Anceſtors that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white Lowſes do become an old Coat well; it agrees well Paſſant; it is a familiar Beaſt to Man, and ſignifies Love.

Shal. The Luce is the Freſh-fiſh, the Salt-fiſh is an o'd Coat.

Slen. I may quarter, Coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evan. It is marring indeed, if he quarters it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes per-Lady; if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three Skirts for yourſelf, in my ſimple Conjectures; but that is all one: If Sir *John Falſtaff* have committed Diſparagements upon you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my Benevolence, to make Attonements and Compromiſes between you.

Shal. The Council ſhall hear it; it is a Riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear of a Riot; there is no fear of Got in a Riot: The Council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the Fear of Got, and not to hear a Riot; take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my Life, if I were young again, the Sword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that Friends is the Sword, that end it; and there is alſo another Device in my Prain, which peradventure prings good Diſcretions with it: There is *Anne Page*, which is Daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty Virginity.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne Page*? ſhe has brown Hair, and ſpeaks like a Woman.

Eva. It is that ferry Perſon for all the Orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred Pounds of Monies, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-ſire upon his Death-bed (Got deliver to a joyful Reſurrections) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen Years old: It were a good Motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a Marriage between Maſter *Abraham*, and Mrs. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-ſire leave her ſeven hundred Pound.

Eva. Ay, and her Father is make her a petter Penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman: ſhe has good Gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred Pounds, and poſſibility is goot Gifts.

Shal. Well; let us ſee honeſt Mr. *Page*: Is *Falſtaff* there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a Lye? I do deſpiſe a Liar as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and I beſeech you be ruled by your Well-wiſhers. I will peat the Door [*Knocks*] for Maſter *Page*. What hoa? Got bleſs your Houſe here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your Friend, and Juſtice *Shallow*; and here's young Maſter *Slender*; that peradventures ſhall tell you another Tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip's well: I thank you for my Veniſon, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you; much good do it your good Heart: I wiſhed your Veniſon better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Miſtreſs *Page*? and I thank you always with my Heart, la; with my Heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on *Cotſale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your Fault; 'tis your Fault; 'tis a good Dog.

Page. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good Dog, and a fair Dog; can there be more ſaid? He is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falſtaff* here?

Page. Sir, he's within; and I would I could do a good Office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, Master *Page*? He hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a Word he hath, believe me, *Robert Shallow*, Esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, *and* Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my Men, kill'n my Deer, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keeper's Daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight: I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in the Council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir *John*, good Worts.

Fal. Good Worts? good Cabbage. *Slender* I broke your Head: what Matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have Matter in my Head against you, and against your Cony-catching Rascals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar. You *Banbury* Cheese.

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say, *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my Humour.

Slen. Where's Simple my Man? Can you tell, Cousin.

Eva. Peace, I pray you; Now let us understand; there is three Umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is Master *Page*, *fidelicet* Master *Page*, and

and there is mytelf, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three Party is, laftly and finally, mine Hoft of the Garter.

Mr. *Page*. We three to hear it and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a Prief of it in my Note Book, and we will afterwards ork upon the Caufe with as great difcreetly as we can.

Fal. *Piftol*.

Pift. He hears with Ears.

Eva. The Tevil and and his Tam; what Phrafe is this, he hears with Ear? Why it is Affectations.

Fal. *Piftol*, did you pick Mafter *Slender*'s Purfe?

Slen. Ay, by thefe Gloves he did, or I would that I might never come in mine own chamber again elfe, of feven Groats in Mill-fixpences, and two *Edward* Shovel-boards, that coft me two Shilling and two Pence a piece, of *Yead Miller*; by thefe Gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Piftol*?

Eva. No; it is falfe, if it is a Pick purfe.

Pift. Ha, thou mountain Foreigner; Sir *John*, and Mafter mine, I combat challenge of this *Latin* Bilboe: Word of Denial in thy *Labras* here; word of Denial; Froth and fcum, thou ly'ft.

Slen. By thefe Gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pafs good Humours: I will fay marry trap with you, if you run the Nut-hooks Humour on me; that is the very Note of it.

Slen. By this Hat, then he in the red Face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an Afs.

Fal. What fay you, *Scarlet* and *John*.

Bar. Why, Sir, for my part, I fay, the Gentleman had drunk himfelf out of his five Sentences.

Eva. And being fap, Sir, was, as they fay, cafhier'd; and fo Conclufions paft the Car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you fpake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll ne'er be drunk whilft I live again, but in honeft, civil, godly Company for this Trick; If I

be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the Fear of God, and not with drunken Knaves.

Eva. So Got udge me, this is a virtuous Mind.

Fal. You hear all these Matters deny'd, Gentlemen, you hear it.

Enter Mrs. Anne Page, *with Wine.*

Page. Nay, Daughter, carry the Wine in: We'll drink within.

Slen. O Heav'n! this is Mistress *Anne Page.*

Enter Mistress Ford, *and Mistress* Page.

Page. How now, Mistress *Ford.*

Fal. Mistress *Ford,* by my Troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good Mistress.

Page. Wife, bid these Gentlemen welcome: Come, we have a hot Venison Pasty to Dinner: Come, Gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all Unkindness.

[*Ex.* Fal. Page, *&c.*

Manent Shallow, Evans, *and* Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty Shillings, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple,* where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? you have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! Why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon *Allhallowmas* last, a Fortnight afore *Michaelmas?*

Shal. Come Coz, Come Coz; we stay for you: A word with you, Coz; Marry this, Coz; there is, as 'twere a Tender, a kind of Tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here: Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay Sir, you shall find me reasonable; If it be so, I shall do that that is Reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give Ear to his Motions, Mr. *Slender:* I will description the Matter to you, if you be Capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my Cousin *Shallow* says: I pray you pardon me; he's a justice of Peace in his Country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the Question: The Question is concerning your Marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very Point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page.*

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable Demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your Mouth, or of your Lips: For divers Philosophers hold, that the Lips is Parcel of the Mouth: Therefore precisely, can you marry your good Will to the Maid?

Shal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir; I will do as it shall become one that would do Reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's Lords and his Ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your Desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:
Will you, upon good Dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your Request, Cousin, in any Reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet Coz, what I do is to pleasure you, Coz: Can you love the Maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your Request; But if there be no great Love in the Beginning, yet Heav'n may decrease it upon better Acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another; I hope upon Familiarity will grow more Content: But if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion Answer; save the fall is in th'Ort Dissolutely: The Ort is according to our meaning, Resolutely; his Meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my Cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Enter Mrs. Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair Mrs *Anne*: Would I were Young for your sake, Mistress *Anne*.

Anne. The Dinner is on the Table; my Father desires your Worship's Company.

Shal. I will wait on him fair Mistress *Anne.*

Eva. Od's plessed Will, I will not be absence at the Grace. [*Ex.* Shallow *and* Evans.

Anne. Will't please your Worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you forsooth heartily, I am very well.

Anne. The Dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a hungry, I thank you, Forsooth: Go, Sirrah, for all you are my Man, go wait upon my Cousin *Shallow*; a Justice of Peace sometime may be beholding to his Friend for a Man. I keep but three Men and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead; but what though, yet I live a poor Gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your Worship: they will not sit 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my Shin th'other Day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence, three Veneys for a Dish of stew'd Prunes, and by my troth I cannot abide the smell of hot Meat since. Why do your Dogs bark so? be there Bears i'th' Town?

Anne. I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the Sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any Man in *England.* You are afraid if you see the Bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's Meat and Drink to me now; I have seen *Sackerson* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the Chain; but, I warrant you, the Women have so cry'd and shriekt at it, that it past: But Women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill favoured rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By Cock and Pye you shall not choose, Sir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the Way,

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress *Anne*, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir, pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius* House which is the Way; and there dwells one Mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurse, or his dry Nurse, or his Cook, or his Laundry, his Washer, and his Ringer.

Sim. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this Letter, for it is a 'oman that altogathers Acquaintance with Mistress *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire and require her to sollicit your Master's Desires to Mrs *Anne Page*: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my Dinner; there's Pippins and Cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol *and* Robin.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.

Host. What says my Bully *Rooke?* speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine Host, I must turn away some of my Followers.

Host. Discard, Bully *Hercules*, cashier; let them wag, trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten Pounds a Week.

Host.

Host. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæsar, Keisar,* and *Pheazer.* I will entertain *Bardolph,* he will draw, he will tap, said I well, Bully *Hector.*

Fal. Do so, good mine Host.

Host. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see the froth and live: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit* Host.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him, a Tapster is a good Trade; an old Cloke makes a new Jerkin; a wither'd Serving Man, a fresh Tapster; go adieu.

Bar. It is a Life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit* Bard.

Pist. O base *Hungarian* Wight, will thou the Spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in Drink; is not the Humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox; his Thefts were too open, his Filching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good Humour is to steal at a Minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the Wise it call: Steal? foh, a fico for the Phrase.

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at Heels.

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no Remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Pist. Young Ravens must have Food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Town.

Pist. I ken the Wight, he is of Substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two Yards more.

Fal. No Quips now, *Pistol*: Indeed I am in the Waste two Yards about; but I am now about no Waste, I am about Thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make Love to *Ford*'s Wife: I spy Entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the Leer of Invitation: I can construe the Action of her familiar

Stile,

Stile, and the hardest Voice of her Behaviour, to be english'd right, is, *I am Sir*, John Falstaff's.

Pist. He hath studied her Will, and translated her Will, out of Honesty into *English*.

Nym. The Anchor is deep; will that Humour pass?

Fal. Now, the Report goes, she has all the Rule of her Husband's Purse: He hath a Legion of Angels.

Pist. As many Devils entertain; and to her, Boy, say I.

Nym. The Humour rises; it is good; humour me the Angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a Letter to her; and here another to *Page*'s Wife, who even now gave me good Eyes too, examined my Parts with most judicious Iliads, sometimes the Beam of her View guided my Foot, sometimes my portly Belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on Dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that Humour.

Fal. O she did so course o'er my Exteriors with such a greedy Intention, that the Appetite of her Eye did seem to scorch me up like a Burning-Glass; Here's another Leter to her; she bears the Purse too; she is a Region in *Guiana*, all Gold and Bounty. I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me; they shall be my *East* and *West-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this Letter to Mrs. *Page*, and thou this to Mrs. *Ford*: We will thrive, Lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become;
And by my Side wear Steal? Then *Lucifer* take all.

Nym. I will run no base Humour: Here take the Humour-Letter, I will keep the Haviour of Reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these Letters rightly,
Sail like my Pinnace to these golden Shores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt, vanish like Hail-stones; go,
Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof, seek shelter, pack:
Falstaff will learn the Honour of the Age,
French Thrift, you Rogues, myself and skirted Page.

[*Exit* Fal. *and* Boy.

Pist.

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy Guts; for Gourd and *Fullam* holds; and high and low beguiles the rich and poor. Tester I'll have in Pouch when thou shalt lack, Base *Phrigian Turk.*

Nym. I have Operations,
Which be Humours of Revenge?

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By Welkin and her Star.

Pist. With Wit, or Steel?

Nym. With both the Humours, I;
I will discuss the Humour of this Love to *Ford.*

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold
How *Falstaff* Varlet vile,
His Dove will prove, his Gold will hold,
And his soft Couch defile

Nym. My Humour shall not cool; I will incense *Ford* to deal with Poison, I will possess him with Yellowness, for the Revolt of mine is dangerous: That is my true Honour

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*; I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, *and* John Rugby.

Quic. What, *John Rugby!* I pray thee go to the Casement, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Caius* coming; if he do, I'faith, and find any body in the House, here will be an old abusing of God's Patience, and the King's *English.*

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit.* Rug.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a Posset for't soon at Night, in Faith, at the latter end of a Sea-coal Fire; An honest, willing, kind Fellow, as ever Servant shall come in a House withal, and I warrant you no Tell-tale, nor no Breed-bate; his worst Fault is, that he is given to Pray'r, he is something peevish that way; but no body but has his Fault; but let that pass. *Peter Simple* you say your Name is.

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

Simp. Ay, Forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round Beard, like a Glover's Pairing knife?

Simp. No, forsooth; he hath but a little Wee-face, with a little yellow Beard, a Cane-colour'd Beard.

Quic. A softly sprighted Man, is he not?

Simp. Ay, Forsooth; but he is as tall a Man of his Hands, as any is between this and his Head; he hath fought with a Warrener.

Quic. How say you? Oh, I should remember him: does he not hold up his Head, as it were? And strut in his Gate?

Simp. Yes indeed does he.

Quic. Well, Heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse Fortune. Tell Master Parson *Evans*, I will do what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good Girl, and I wish ——

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my Master.

Quic. We shall be all shent; run in here, good young Man, go into this Closet; [*shuts* Simple *in the Closet*] He will not stay long. What, *John Rugby*! *John*! What *John*, I say; go *John*, go enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a down'a*, &c.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des Toys; pray you go and vetch me in my Closet *un boitier verd*; a Box, a green a Box; do intend vat I speak? a green a Box.

Quic. Ay Forsooth, I'll fetch it you.
I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young Man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi. Il fait fort chaud, je m'en vaie a la Cour* —— *la grande Affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. Ouy, mette le au mon Pocket, *Depech* Quickly; ver is dat Knave *Rugby*?

Quic. What, *John Rugby*! *John*,

Rug. Here Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your Rapier, and come after my Heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the Porch.

Caius. By my Trot I tarry too long: Od's me: *Que ay je oublie?* Dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſet, dat I will not for the Varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quic. Ay me, he'll find the young Man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable, Diable*; vat is in my Cloſet? Villanie, *Larron! Rugby*, my Rapier.

Quic. Good Maſter be content.

Caius. Wherefore ſhould I be content-a?

Quic. The young Man is an honeſt Man.

Caius. What ſhall de honeſt do in my Cloſet, dere is no honeſt Man dat ſhall come in my Cloſet.

Quic. I beſeech you be not ſo flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an Errand to me from Parſon *Hugh*.

Caius. Vell.

Simp. Ay Forſooth, to deſire her to ——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your Tongue, ſpeak-a your Tale.

Simp. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman, your Maid, to ſpeak a good Word to Miſtreſs *Anne* Page for my Maſter, in the way of Marriage.

Quic. This is all indeed-la; but I'll ne'er put my Finger in the Fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a you? *Rugby* ballow me ſome Paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad he is ſo quiet; if he had been throughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholy: But notwithſtanding, Man, I'll do for your Maſter what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is, the *French* Doctor my Maſter, I may call him my Maſter, look you, for I keep his Houſe, and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs Meat and Drink, make the Beds, and do all myſelf.

Simp. 'tis a great Charge to come under one body's Hand.

Quic.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you shall find it a great Charge; and to be up early, and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell in your Ear, I would have no Words of it, my Master himself is in love with Mistress *Anne Page*; but notwithstanding that, I know *Anne*'s Mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You, Jack'Nape; give'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a Shallenge: I will cut his Troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvy Jack-a-nape Priest to meddle or make——You may be gone, it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two Stones, by gar, he shall not have a Stone to trow at his Dog. [*Exit* Simple.

Quic. Alas! he speaks but for his Friend.

Caius. It is no matter' a ver dat: do you not tell a me dat, I shall have *Anne Page* for myself? by gar, I will kill de Jack Preest; and I have appointed mine Host of *de Jartere* to measure our Weapon; By gar I will myself have *Anne* Page.

Quic. Sir, the Maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give Fo ks leave to prate; what the good-jer.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me; by gar, if I have not *Anne* Page, I shall turn your Head out of my Door; follow my Heels, *Rugby*.

[*Ex.* Caius *and* Rug.

Quic. You shall have *An* Fools Head of your own. No, I know *Anne*'s Mind for that; never a Woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anne*'s Mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heav'n.

Fent. [*within*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow! Come near the House I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good Woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask.

Fent. What News? How does pretty Mistress *Anne*?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your Friend, I can tell you that by the Way, I praise Heav'n for it.

Fent.

Fent. Shall I do any good think'st thou? shall I not lose my Suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his Hands above; but notwithstanding, Master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a Book she loves you: Have not your Worship a Wart above your Eye?

Fent. Yes marry have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a Tale; good Faith it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest Maid as ever broke Bread; we had an Hour's talk of that Wart: I shall never laugh but in that Maid's Company! but, indeed, she is given too much to Allicholy and Musing; but for you — Well — go to ———

Fent. Well, I shall see her to day; hold, there's Money for thee: Let me have thy Voice in my behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend me —

Quic. Will I? Ay faith that we will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other Wooers.

Fent. Well, farewel, I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your Worship. Truly an honest Gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne*'s Mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Mistress Page, *with a Letter.*

Mrs. *Page.* WHAT, have I 'scaped Love-Letters in the Holy-day time of my Beauty, and am I now a Subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no Reason why I love you? for tho' Love use Reason for his Precisian, he admits him not for his

his Counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's Sympathy: You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more Sympathy: You love Sack, and so do I; would you desire better Sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, *at the least if the Love of a Soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, Pity me, 'tis not a Soldier-like Phrase; but I say Love me:*

By me, thine own true Knight, by Day or Night,
Or any kind of Light, with all his Might.
For thee to fight. John Falstaff.

What a *Herod* of *Jewry* is this? O wicked, wicked World!
One that is well nigh worn to pieces with Age,
To shew himself a young Gallant? What unwayed
Behaviour hath this *Flemish* Drunkard pitcht,
I' th' Devil's Name, out of my Conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my Company: What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my Mirth, Heav'n forgive me: I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Men; how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his Guts are made of Puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. *Ford.* Mistress *Page*, trust me, I was going to your House.

Mrs. *Page.* And trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. *Page.* 'Faith you do, in my Mind.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, I do then; yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O Mistress *Page*, give me some Counsel.

Mrs. *Page.* What's the matter, Woman?

Mrs. *Ford.* O Woman! if it were not for one trifling Respect, I come to such Honour.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang the trifle Woman, take the Honour: what is it? dispence with Trifles; what is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* If I would but go to Hell for an eternal Moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. *Page.* What, thou liest! Sir *Alice Ford!* these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the Article of thy Gentry.

Mrs. *Ford.* We burn Day-light, here, read, read, perceive how I might be knighted: I shall think the worse of fat Men as long as I have an Eye to make difference of Men's liking; and yet he would not swear, praise Women's Modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved Reproof to all Uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his Disposition would have gone to the Truth of his Words; but they do no more adhere, and keep Place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the Tune of *Green Sleeves.* What Tempest, I trow, threw this Whale with so many Tun of Oil in his Belly, a'shore at *Windsor?* How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with Hope, till the wicked Fire of Lust have melted him in his own Grease. Did you ever hear the like.

Mrs. *Page.* Letter for Letter, but that the Name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great Comfort in thy mystery of ill Opinions, here's the Twin-brother of thy Letter; but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine ever shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blank-space for different Names; nay more; and these are of the second Edition: He will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts in the Press, when he would put us to. I had rather be a Giantess, and lie under *Mount-Pelion.* Well, I will find you twenty lascivious Turtles, ere one chaste Man.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, this is the very same, the very Hand, the very Words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own Honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal;

withal; for sure unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this Fury.

Mrs. *Ford.* Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above Deck.

Mrs. *Page.* So will I; if he come under my Hatches, I'll never to Sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a Meeting, give him a show of Comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited Delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his Horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I will consent to act any Villainy against him that may not sully the Chariness of our Honesty: Oh that my Husband saw this Letter, it would give eternal Food to his Jealousy.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, look where he comes, and my good Man too; he's as far from Jealousy as I am from giving him Cause, and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable Distance.

Mrs. *Ford.* You are the happier Woman.

Mrs. *Page.* Let's consult together against this greasy Knight. Come hither.

Enter Ford *with* Pistol, Page *with* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a Curtal-dog in some Affairs.
Sir *John* affects thy Wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my Wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old, and one with another, *Ford*, he loves thy Gally-mawfry, *Ford* perpend.

Ford. Love my Wife?

Pist. With Liver burning hot: Prevent,
Or go thou, like Sir *Acteon*, with
Ring wood at thy Heels: O, odious is the Name.

Ford. What Name, Sir?

Pist. The Horn, I say: Farewel.
Take heed, have open Eye; for Thiefs do foot by Night.
Take heed ere Summer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away,

Away, Sir Corporal *Nym*.
Believe it *Page*, he ſpeaks Senſe. [*Exit* Piſt.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the Humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in ſome Humours: I ſhould have born the humour'd Letter to her; but I have a Sword, and it ſhall bite upon my Neceſſity. He loves your Wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My Name is Corporal *Nym*; I ſpeak, and I avouch; 'tis true; my Name is *Nym*, and *Falſtaff* loves your Wife. Adieu; I love not the Humour of Bread and Cheeſe: Adieu. [*Exit* Nym.

Page. The Humour of it, quoth 'a? here's a Fellow frights *Engliſh* out of his Wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out *Falſtaff*.

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting Rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: Well.

Page. I will not believe ſuch a *Cataian*, tho' the Prieſt o' th' Town commended him for a true Man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible Fellow: Well.

Page. How now, *Meg*?

Mrs. *Page.* Whether go you *George*! hark you.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, ſweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy!

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. *Ford.* Faith thou haſt ſome Crotchets in thy Head. Now will you go, Miſtreſs *Page*?

Mrs. *Page.* Have with you. You'll come to Dinner *George*? Look who comes yonder: ſhe ſhall be our Meſſenger to this paltry Knight.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Mrs. *Ford.* Truſt me, I thought on her, ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to ſee my Daughter *Anne*?

Quic. Ay, Forſooth; and I pray how does good Miſtreſs *Anne*?

Mrs. *Page.* Go in with us and ſee; we have an Hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford *and Mrs.* Quic.

Page. How now, Master *Ford.*

Ford. You heard what this Knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, Slaves, I do not think the Knight would offer it; but these that accuse him in his Intent towards our Wives are a Yoke of discarded Men very Rogues now they be out of Service.

Ford. Were they his Men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the *Garter*?

Page. Ay marry does he, If he should intend his Voyage toward my Wife, I would turn her loose to him; when he gets more of her than sharp Words, let it lie on my Head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my Wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a Man may be too confident; I would have nothing lie on my Head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting Host of the Garter comes; there is either Liquor in his Pate, or Money in his Purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

Enter Host *and* Shallow.

Host. How now, Bully *Rooke*? Thour't a Gentleman, Cavaleiro-Justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow. Good Even, and twenty, good Master *Page.* Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have Sport in Hand.

Host. Tell him, Cavaliero-Justice; tell him, Bully *Rook.*

Shal. Sir, there is a Fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh*, the *Welch* Priest, and *Caius* the *French* Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, Bully *Rook*?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their Weapons, and I think, hath appointed them contrary Places; for, believe me, I hear the Parson is no Jester. Hark, I will tell you what our Sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no Suit against my Knight, my Guest Cavalier!

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a Pottle of burnt Sack to give me Recourse to him, and tell him my Name is *Broom*; only for a Jest.

Host. My Hand, Bully; thou shalt have Egress and Regress; said I well? and thy Name shall be *Broom.* It is a merry Knight. Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine Host.

Page. I have heard the *Frenchman* hath good Skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in these times you stand on Distance, your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'Tis the Heart, Master *Page*; 'tis here. I have seen the Time, with my long Sword, I would have made you four tall Fellows skip like Rats.

Host. Here Boys, here, here: Shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Ex.* Host, Shal. *and* Page.

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a secure Fool, and stand so firmly on his Wife's Frailty, yet I cannot put off my Opinion so easily. She was in his Company at *Page*'s House, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a Disguise to sound *Falstaff*: If I find her honest, I lose not my Labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis Labour well bestow'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Falstaff *and* Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a Penny.

Pist. Why then the World's mine Oyster, which I with Sword shall open.

Fal. Not a Penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my Countenance to Pawn; I have grated upon my good Friends for three Reprieves for you, and your Coach-fellow, *Nym*; or else you looked thro' the Grate, like a Geminy of Baboons. I am damn'd in Hell for swearing to Gentlemen, my Friends, you were good Soldiers, and tall Fellows. And when Mistress *Bridget* lost the Handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine Honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? Hadst thou not fifteen Pence?

Fal. Reason, you Rogue, Reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my Soul *gratis*? At a Word, hang no more about me, I am no Gibbet for you: Go, a short Knife, and a Thong, to your Manour of *Pickt-hatcht*; go, you'll not bear a Letter for me, you Rogue; you stand upon your Honour? Why, thou unconscionable Baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the Term of my Honour precise. I, I, I my self sometimes, leaving the Fear of Heaven on the left Hand, and hiding my Honour in my Necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will ensconse your Rags, your Cat-a-Mountain Look, your Red Lettice Phrases, and your bold-beating Oaths, under the Shelter of your Honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; what would'st thou more of Man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a Woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your Worship Good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good Wife.

Quic. Not so, and't please your Worship.

Fal. Good Maid then.

Quic. I'll be sworn,
As my Mother was the first Hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the Swearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your Worship a Word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair Woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one Mistress *Ford*, Sir: I pray come a little nearer this ways; I myself dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well on, Mistress Ford, you say.

Quic. Your Worship says very true: I pray your Worship come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee no body hears: mine own People, mine own People.

Quic. Are they so? Heav'n bless them, and make them his Servants.

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good Creature. Lord, Lord, your Worship's a Wanton; well, Heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray ——

Fal. Mistress Ford, come Mistress Ford. ——

Quic. Marry, this the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a Canaries as 'tis wonderful: The best Courtier of them all, when the Court lay at *Windsor*, could never have brought her to such a Canary. Yet there has been Knights, and Lords and Gentlemen, with their Coaches: I warrant you Coach after Coach, Letter after Letter, Gift after Gift, smelling so sweetly; all Musk; and so rushling, I warrant you in Silk and Gold, and in such aligant Terms, and in such Wine and Sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any Woman's Heart; and I warrant you they could never get an Eye-wink of her. I had my self twenty Angels given me this Morning, but I defy all Angels, in any such sort as they say, but in the way of Honesty; and I warrant you they could never get her so much as sip on a Cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? Be brief, my good she *Mercury*.

Quic.

Quic. Marry, ſhe hath received your Letter, for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times; and ſhe gives you to notify, that her Husband will be abſence from his Houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, and then Forſooth, you may come and ſee the Picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of: Maſter Ford, her Husband, will be from home. Alas! the ſweet Woman leads an ill Life with him, he's a very jealouſie-Man; ſhe leads a very frampold Life with him, Good Heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you ſay well; But I have another Meſſenger to your Worſhip; Miſtreſs Page has her hearty Commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your Ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt Wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you Morning and Evening Prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, whoe'er be the other; and ſhe bad me tell your Worſhip that her Husband is ſeldom from home, but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I never knew a Woman ſo doat upon a Man; ſurely I think you have Charms la; yes in Truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the Attraction of my good Parts aſide, I have no other Charms.

Quic. Bleſſing on your Heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this; has Ford's Wife and Page's Wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a Jeſt indeed; they have not ſo little Grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! But Miſtreſs Page would deſire you to ſend her your little Page, of all Loves: Her Husband has a marvellous Infection to the little Page; and truly Maſter Page is an honeſt Man. Never a Wife in *Windſor* leads a better Life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to Bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will, and truly ſhe deſerves it, for if there be a kind Woman in *Windſor*,

truly she is one. You must send her your Page; no Remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then: and, look you he may come and go between you both; and, in any Case, have a Nayword, that you may know one another's Mind, and the Boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that Children should know any Wickedness: Old Folks, you know, have Discretion, as they say, and know the World.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: There's my Purse, I am yet thy Debtor: Boy, go along with this Woman. This News distracts me.

[Exit Quic. and Robin.

Pist. This Punk is one of *Cupid*'s Carriers:
Clap on more Sails; pursue; up with your Fights:
Give Fire; she is my Prize, or Ocean whelm them all.

[Exit Pistol.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jack*? go thy way; I'll make more of thy old Body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the Expence of so much Money, be now a Gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grosly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bar. Sir *John*, there's one Master *Broom* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you, and hath sent your Worship a Morning's Draught of Sack.

Fal. *Broom* is his Name?

Bar. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; such *Brooms* are welcome to me that o'erflow such Liquor. Ah! ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? Go to, *via.*

Enter Ford *disguis'd.*

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir: would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little Preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your Will? Give us leave, Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have ſpent much, my Name is *Broom*.

Fal. Good Maſter *Broom*, I deſire more Acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I ſue for yours; not to charge you: for I muſt let you underſtand, I think myſelf in better Plight for a Leader than you are, the which hath ſomething emboldened me to this unſeaſoned Intruſion; for they ſay, if Money go before, all Ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good Soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a Bag of Money here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for eaſing me of the Carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Maſter *Broom*, I ſhall be glad to be your Servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a Scholar, I will be brief with you, and you have been a Man long known to me, tho' had never ſo good Means as Deſire to make myſelf acquainted with you: I ſhall diſcover a thing wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own Imperfections; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one Eye upon my Follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the Regiſter of your own, that I may paſs with a Reproof the eaſier, ſith you yourſelf know how eaſy it is to be ſuch an Offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Town, her Husband's Name is Ford.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and I proteſt to you beſtowed much on her, followed her with a doating Obſervance, ingroſs'd Opportunities to meet her, feed every ſlight Occaſion that could but niggardly give

me sight of her; not only bought many Presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: Briefly I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursued me, which hath been on the Wing of all Occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my Mind, or in my Means, Meed I am sure I have received none, unless Experience be a Jewel I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this;

" *Love like a Shadow flies, when Substance Love pursues;*
" *Pursuing that that flys, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you received no Promise of Satisfaction at her Hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a Purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what Quality was your Love then?

Ford. Like a fair House built on another Man's Ground, so that I have lost my Edifice, by mistaking the Place where I erected it.

Fal. To what Purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other Places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd Construction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the Heart of my Purpose: You are a Gentleman of excellent Breeding, admirable Discourse, of great Admittance, authentick in your Place and Person, generally allowed for your many War-like Court-like and learned Preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is Money, spend it spend it; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the Honesty of this Ford's Wife; use your Art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any Man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal.

Fal. Would it apply well to the Vehemence of your Affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the Excellency of her Honour, that the Folly of my Soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now could I come to her with any Detection in my Hand, my Desires had Instance and Argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the Ward of her Purity, her Reputation, her Marriage Vow, and a thousand other Defences, which now are too strongly embattail'd against me. What say you to't, sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Broom*, I will first make bold with your Money; next give me your Hand, and last, as I am a Gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's Wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no Money, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Fords, Master *Broom*, you shall want none; I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own Appointment. Even as you came in to me, her Assistant, or Go-between parted from me; I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally Knave her Husband will be forth; come you to me at Night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your Acquaintance: Do you know Ford, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldy Knave, I know him not; yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say the jealous witolly Knave hath masses of Money for the which his Wife seems to me well-favour'd I will use her as the Key of the Cuckold-Rogue's Coffer, and there's my Harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

 Fal.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical ſalt-butter Rogue; I will ſtare him out of his Wits; I will awe him with my Cudgel; it ſhall hang like a Meteor o'er the Cuckold's Horns. Maſter *Broom*, thou ſhalt know I will predominant over the Peaſant, and thou ſhalt lie with his Wiſe: Come to me ſoon at Night; *Ford*'s a Knave, and I will aggravate his Stile; Thou, Maſter *Broom*, ſhalt know him for Knave and Cuckold: come to me ſoon at Night. [*Ex.*

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* Raſcal is this! My Heart is ready to crack with Impatience. Who ſays this is improvident Jealouſy? My Wiſe hath ſent to him, the Match is made; Would any Man have thought this? See the Hell of having a falſe Woman; my Bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſack'd, my Reputation gnawn at, and I ſhall not only receive this villanous Wrong, but ſtand under the Adoption of abominable Terms, and by him that does me the Wrong. Terms, Names; *Amaimon* ſounds well, *Lucifer* well, *Barbaſon* well, yet they are Devils Additions, the Names of Fiends; but Cuckold, Wittol, Cuckold! the Devil himſelf hath not ſuch a Name. *Page* is an Aſs, a ſecure Aſs, he will truſt his Wiſe; he will not be jealous; I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my Butter, Parſon *Hugh*, the *Welchman*, with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſhman* with my *Aqua-Vitæ* Bottle, or a Thief to walk my ambling Gelding, than my Wiſe with herſelf: Then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes; and what they think in their Hearts they may effect, they will break their Hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my Jealouſy. Eleven o'Clock the Hour; I will prevent this, detect my Wiſe, be reveng'd on *Falſtaff*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it; better three Hours too ſoon, than a Minute too late: Fy, fy, fy, Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Caius *and* Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de Clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the Hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar he has save his Soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Caius. He is wise, Sir; he knew your Worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de Herring is no dead so as I vill kill him; take your Rapier, Jack, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear here's Company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, *and* Page.

Host. Bless thee, Bully Doctor.

Shal. Save you, Mr. Doctor.

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor *Caius.*

Slen. Give you Good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy Puncto, thy Stock, thy Reverse, thy Distance, thy Montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my Francisco? Ha Bully? What says my *Esculapius*? my *Galen*? my Heart of Elder? Ha? is he dead, Bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar he is de Coward *Jack* Priest of de Vorld; he is not show his Face.

Host. Thou art a *Castalion* king *Urinal*: *Hector* of *Greece*, my Boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witness, that me may stay six or seven, two tree Hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser Man, Mr. Doctor; he is a Curer of Souls, and you a Curer of Bodies: If you should fight, you go against the hair of your Professions: Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have yourself been a great Fighter, tho' now a Man of Peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. Page, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I see a Sword out, my Fingers itches to make one; tho' we are Justices, and Doctors, and Churchmen, Mr. Page, we have some Salt of our Youth in us; we are the Sons of Women, Mr. Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. Page. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the Peace; you have shew'd yourself a wise Physician, and Sir Hugh hath shew'd himself a wise and patient Churchman: You must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Host. Pardon, Guest-Justice, a Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! Vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour, Bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much Mock-vater as the Englishman, Scurvy Jack-Dog Priest; by gar me will cut his Ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, Bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw: Vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee Amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tanck you for dat.

Host. And moreover, Bully; but first Mr. Guest, and Mr. Page, and eke *Cavaleiro Slender*, go you thro' the Town to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there; see what Humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the Fields? Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[Exit Page, Shal. *and* Slen.

Caius.

Caius. Be gar, me vill kill de Prieſt; for he ſpeak for a Jac-an Ape to *Anne* Page.

Hoſt. Let him die; ſheath thy Impatience, throw cold Water on thy Choler; go about the Fields with me thro' Frogmore, I will bring there where Miſtreſs *Anne* Page is, at a Farm-Houſe a feaſting, and thou ſhalt woe her: Cride game, ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat? By gar I love you; and I will procure 'a you de good Gueſt, de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my Patients.

Hoſt. For the which I will be thy Adverſary toward *Anne* Page: Said I well?

Caius. By gar 'tis good, vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then?
Come at my Heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. I Pray you now, good Maſter *Slender*'s Servingman, and Friend *Simple* by your Name, which way have you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick*.

Simp. Marry Sir, the Pitty-wary, the Park-ward, every way, old *Windſor* way, and every way, but the Town way.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. Pleſs my Soul, how full of Chollars I am, and trempling of Mind? I ſhall be glad if he have deceived me; how melancholies I am! I will knog his Urinals about his Knaves Coſtard, when I have good Opportunities for the Orke; Pleſs my Soul: To ſhallow *Rivers*, to whoſe Falls *melodious Birds* ſings

Ma-

Madrigalls; *There will we make our Peds of Roses and* a thousand fragrant *Posies. To* shallow —— Mercy on me, I have a great Disposition to cry. Melodious Birds sing Madrigal —— *When as I sat in Pabylon;* and a thousand vagram Posies, To shallow, &c.

Simp. Yonder he is coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome. To shallow *Rivers to* whose *Falls* — Heaven prosper the Right: What weapons is he?

Simp. No Weapons, Sir; there comes my Master Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman from Frogmore, over the Stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you give me my Gown, or else keep it in your Arms.

Enter Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

Shal. How now, Master Parson? Good-morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a Gamester from the Dice, and a good Student from his Book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah sweet Anne Page.

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. Pless you from his Mercy sake, all of you.

Shal. What, the Sword and the Word! Do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your Doublet and Hose, this raw rumatick Day?

Eva. There is Reasons and Causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good Office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman, who belike having received Wrong by some Person, is at most odds with his own Gravity and Patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore Years and upward; I never heard a Man of his Place, Gravity and Learning, so wide of his own Respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him, Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned French Physician.

Eva.

Eva. Got's Will, and his Passion of my Heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of Porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more Knowledge in *Hibocrates* and Galen; and he is a Knave besides, a cowardly Knave, as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet Anne Page.

Enter Host, *Caius*, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so by his Weapon: Keep them asunder; here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their Limbs, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you let me speak a Word with your Ear: Wherefore vill you not meet a me?

Eva. Pray you use your Patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de Coward, de *Jack* Dog, John Ape.

Eva. Pray you let us not be Laughing-Stocks to other Mens Humours; I desire you in Friendship, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your Urinal about yonr Knave's Cogs-comb.

Caius. Diable Jack Rugby, mine Host de Jarteer, have I not stay for him, to kill him? Have I not at de Place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christian-soul, now look you, this is the Place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, French and Welch, Soul-curer and Body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I Politick? Am I Subtle? Am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my Doctor? No; he gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest, my Sir Hugh? No; he gives me the Proverbs and the No-verbs. Give me thy Hand, Celestial, so. Boys

of-

of Art, I have deceived you both: I have directed you to wrong Places; your Hearts are mighty, your Skins are whole, but let burn'd Sack be the Issue. Come, lay their Swords to Pawn. Follow me, Lad of Peace, foll w, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host. Follow, Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet Anne Page!

[Ex. Shal. Slen. Page *and* Host.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? Havo you make a-de-iot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his Vlowing-stog: I desire you that we may be Friends; and let us knog our Prains together, to be revenge of the same small scall Scurvy Companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my Heart; he promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceives me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his Noddles; pray you follow.

SCENE II.

Enter Mistress Page *and* Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way little Gallant; you were wont to be a Follower, but now you are a Leader. Whether had you rather lead mine Eyes, or eye your Master s Heels?

Rob. I had rath r, Forsooth, go before you like a Man, than follow him like a Dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering Boy; now I see you'll be a Courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly Sir to see your Wife; is she at Home?

Ford. Ay and as idle as she may hang together for want of Company; I think if your Husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other Husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty Weather cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his Name is my Husband had him of. What do you call your Knight's Name, Sirrah?

Rob.

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs. Page. He, he; I never can hit on's Name; there is such a League between my good Man and he. Is your Wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir, I am sick 'till I see her.

[Exeunt *Mrs.* Page *and* Robin.

Ford. Has Page any Brains? hath he any Eyes? hath he any thinking; sure they sleep; hath no use of them. Why, this Boy will carry a Letter twenty Miles, as easy as a Cannon will shoot point-blanck twelve-score; he pieces out his Wife's Inclination, he gives her Folly Motion and Advantage, and now she's going to my Wife, and Falstaff's Boy with her. A Man may hear this Shower sing in the Wind; "and Falstaff's Boy with her!" Good Plots; they are laid, and our revolted Wives share Damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my Wife, pluck the borrowed Vail of Modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful *Actæon*, and to those violent Proceedings all my Neighbours shall cry aim. The Clock gives me my Cue, and my Assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised of this than mocked; for it is as positive as the Earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, *and* Caius.

Shal. Page, *&c.* Well met Mr. Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good Knot; I have good Cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Mr. Ford.

Slen. And so must I, Sir;
We have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne.
And I would not break with her for more Money
Than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a Match between Anne Page and my Cousin Slender, and this Day we shall have our Answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good Will, Father Page.

Page.

Page. You have, Mr. Slender, I stand wholly for you; but my Wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Cai. Ay, be gar, and de Maid is love a-me: My Nursh-a-Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Mr. Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has Eyes of Youth, he writes Verses, he speaks Holy-Day, he smells *April* and *May*, he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his Buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my Consent, I promise you: The Gentleman is of no having, he kept Company with the wild Prince, and *Poinz*; he is of too high a Region, he knows too much; no, he shall not knit a Knot in his Fortune, with the Finger of my Substance. If he takes her let him take her simply; the Wealth I have waits on my Consent, and my Consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to Dinner, besides your Cheer you shall have Sport; I will shew you a Monster. Mr. Doctor, you shall go, so shall you Mr. Page, and you Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We shall have the freer Wooing at Mr. Page's.

Cai. Go home, John Rugby, I come anon.

Host. Farewell my Hearts; I will to my honest Knight Falstaff, and drink Canary with him.

Ford. I think I shall drink in Pipe-Wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you to see this Monster.

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, *and* Servants with a Basket.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket--

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What Robin, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your Men the Charge, we must be brief.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert* be ready here hard by in the Brewhouse, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this Basket on your Shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the Whitsters in *Datchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddy Ditch, close by the *Thames* Side.

Mrs. *Page.* You will do it?

Mrs. *Ford.* I ha'told them over and over; they lack no Direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little *Robin.*

Enter Robin.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, my Eyes-Musket, what News with you?

Rob. My Master Sir *John* is come in at your Back-door, Mistress *Ford,* and requests your Company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Robin. Ay, I'll be sworn, my Master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting Liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou art a good Boy; this Secresy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make the a new Doublet and Hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so; go tell thy Master, I am alone; Mistress Page, remember you your Cue. [Exit Robin.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [Exit *Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome Humidity, this gross watry Pumpion, we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly Jewel? Why, now let me die; for I have lived long enough: This is the Period of my Ambition: O this blessed Hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir *John*!

Fal.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Miſtreſs Ford: Now ſhall I ſin in my Wiſh. I would thy Husband were dead, we'll ſpeak it before the Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your Lady, Sir *John*! Alas, I ſhould be a pitiful Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew me ſuch another; I ſee how thine Eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haſt the right arch beauty of the Brow that becomes the Ship Tire-Valiant, or any Tire of *Venetian* Admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain Kercheif, Sir *John*:
My Brows become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a Tyrant to ſay ſo; thou wouldſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firm fixure of thy Foot will give an excellent Motion to thy Gait, in a ſemicircled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert, if Fortune thy Foe were not, Nature thy Friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let me perſuade thee, there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping Haw-thorn-Buds, that come like Women in Men's Apparel, and ſmell like *Bucklers-bury* in ſimpling-time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love Miſtreſs Page.

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the *Counter*-Gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a Lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heaven knows how I love you, and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that Mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that Mind.

Rob. [*within*] Miſtreſs Ford, Miſtreſs Ford, here's Miſtreſs *Page* at the Door, ſweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the Arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you do so; she's a very tatling Woman.

Enter Mrs. Page.

What's the matter? How now?

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're sham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford, having an honest Man to your Husband, to give him such cause of Suspicion.

Mistress Ford. What Cause of Suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of Suspicion! Out upon you; how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your Husband's coming hither, Woman, with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentleman that he says is now here in the House, by your Consent, to take an ill Advantage of his Absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heav'n it be not so, that you have such a Man here, but 'tis most certain your Husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you; if you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a Friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your Senses to you, defend your Reputation, or bid farewel to your good Life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? there is a Gentleman, my dear Friend; and I fear not mine own Shame so much as his Peril. I had rather than a thousand Pound he were out of the House.

Mrs. Page. For Shame, never stand, you had rather, and you had rather; your Husband's here at Hand, bethink you of some Conveyance; in the House you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? Look, here is a Basket, if he be of any reasonable

Stature he may creep in here, and throw fowl Linnen upon him, as if it were going to Bucking: Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two Men to Datchet Mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What ſhall I do?

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't: I'll in, I'll in; follow your Friend's Counſel; I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falſtaff! are theſe your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never ———

[*He goes into the Basket, they cover him with Linnen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your Maſter, Boy, Call your Men, Miſtreſs Ford. You diſſembling Knight.

Mrs. Ford. What John, Robert, John go take up theſe Clothes here quickly. Where's the Cowl-ſtaff? Look how you drumble. Carry them to the Landreſs in Datchet Mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Pray you come near; if I ſuſpect without Cauſe, why then make Sport at me, then let me be your Jeſt, I deſerve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the Landreſs, forſooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with Buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh myſelf of the Buck: Buck, Buck, Buck, ay Buck: I warrant you Buck, and of the Seaſon too, it ſhall appear.

[Exeunt Servants with the Basket.

Gentlemen, I have dreamt to Night, I'll tell you my Dream: Here, here, here be my Keys; aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the Fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt: So now uncape.

Page. Good Maſter Ford, be contented: You wrong your ſelf too much.

Ford. True, Maſter Page. Up Gentlemen, you ſhall ſee Sport anon: follow me, Gentlemen.

Eva. This is very fantaſtical Humours and Jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the Faſhion of France, it is not jealous in France——

Page. Nay, follow him, Gentlemen, ſee the Iſſue of his Search. [Exeunt.

Manent Miſtreſs Page and Miſtreſs Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double Excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, that my Husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your Husband ask'd who was in the Basket?

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing, ſo throwing him into the Water will do him a Benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt Raſcal; I would all of the ſame Strain were in the ſame Diſtreſs.

Mrs. Ford. I think my Husband hath ſome ſpecial Suſpicion of Falſtaff's being here! I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his Jealouſy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a Plot to try that, and we will have more Tricks with Falſtaff: his diſſolute Diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this Medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſh Carrion, Miſtreſs Quickly, to him, and excuſe his throwing into the Water, and give him another Hope, to betray him to another Puniſhment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be ſent for to-morrow by eight o'Clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, *&c.*

Ford. I cannot find him, may be the Knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You uſe me well, Maſter Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do ſo.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n make you better than your Thoughts!

Ford.

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty Wrong, Mr. Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay, I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any body in the House, and in the Chambers, and in the Coffers, and in the Presses, Heaven forgive my Sins.

Caius By gar, nor I too: there is no Bodies.

Page Fy, fy, Mr. Ford, are you not asham'd? What Spirit, what Devil suggests this Imagination? I would not ha your Distemper in this kind, for the Wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my Fault, Mr. Page, I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad Conscience, your Wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand; and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest Woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a Dinner; come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come Wife, come Mistress Page, I pray you pardon me: Pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, Gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to morrow-morning to my House to Breakfast, after we'll a birding together: I have a fine Hawk for the Bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the Company.

Caius If there be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. Page.

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lousy Knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is god, by gar, with all my Heart.

Eva. A lousy Knave, to have his Gibes, and his Mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy Father's Love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of Birth,
And that my State being gall'd with my Expence,
I seek to heal only by his Wealth.
Besides these, other Bars he lays before me,
My Riots past, my wild Societies:
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a Property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heav'n so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit, I will confess, thy Father's Wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more Value
Than Stamps in Gold, or Sums in sealed Bags;
And 'tis the very Riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. Fenton,
Yet seek my Father's Love, still seek it, Sir:
If Opportunity and humblest Suit
Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.

Enter Shallow, Slender and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their Talk, Mistress Quickly;
My Kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a Sheft or a Bolt on't: 'Dslid! 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me:
I care not for that, but I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye; Mr. Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. This is my Father's Choice.
O what a world of vile ill-favour'd Faults
Look handsome in three hundred Pounds a Year!

Quic. And how does good Master Fenton?
Pray you, a word with you.

Shal.

Shall. She's coming? to her, Coz.
O Boy, thou hadſt a Father.

Slen. I had a Father, Mrs. Anne: my Uncle can tell you good Jeſts of him. Pray you, Uncle, tell Mrs. Anne the Jeſt, how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs Anne, my Couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any Woman in Glouceſterſhire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty Pounds Jointure.

Anne. Good Maſter Shallow, let him woo for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that, Good Comfort; ſhe calls you, Coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now Maſter Slender.

Slen. Now good Miſtreſs Anne.

Anne. What is your Will?

Slen. My Will? Od's heart-lings, that's a pretty Jeſt indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not ſuch a ſickly Creature, I give Heaven Praiſe.

Anne. I mean Mr. Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your Father and my Uncle have made Motions; if it be my Luck, ſo; if not, happy Man be his dole; they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may ask your Father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Miſtreſs Page.

Page. Now Maſter Slender: Love him, Daughter Anne.
Why how now? What does Maſter Fenton here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus to haunt my Houſe:
I tell you, Sir, my Daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fent.

Fent. Nay, Master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. *Page.* Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my Child.

Page. She is no Match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master *Fenton.*
Come, Master *Shallow*; come Son *Slender*, in.
Knowing my Mind, you wrong me, Master *Fenton.*
[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Quic. Speak to Mistress *Page.*

Fent. Good Mistress *Page*, for that I love your Daughter
In such a righteous Fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all Checks, Rebukes and Manners,
I must advance the Colours of my Love,
And not retire. Let me have your good Will.

Anne. Good Mother, do not marry me to yon Fool.

Mrs. *Page.* I mean it not, I seek you a better Husband.

Quic. That's my Master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th'Earth,
And bowl'd to Death with Turneps.

Mrs. *Page.* Come trouble not yourself, good Master [*Fenton*,
I will not be your Friend nor Enemy:
My Daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
'Til then, farewel Sir; she must needs go in,
Her Father will be angry. [*Ex. Mrs.* Page *and* Anne.

Fent. Farewel, gentle Mistress; farewel *Nan.*

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you cast away your Child on a Fool, and a Physician? Look on Master *Fenton*: This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to Night,
Give my sweet *Nan* this Ring. There's for thy Pains.
[*Exit.*

Quic. Now Heav'n send thee good Fortune. A kind Heart he hath, a Woman would run thro' Fire and Water for such a kind Heart. But yet, I would my Master had Mistress *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in sooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word, but especially for Mr. *Fenton.* Well, I must of another Errand to Sir *John Falstaff* from my two Mistresses; what a Beast am I to slack it. [*Ex.*

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.

Bar. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a Quart of Sack, put a Toast in't. Have I lived to be carried in a Basket, like a Barrow of Butchers Offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my Brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a Dog for a New-years Gift. The Rogues slighted me into the River, with as little Remorse as they would have drown'd a Blind Bitches Puppies, fifteen i'th' Litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of Alacrity in sinking: If the bottom were as deep as Hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the Shore was shelvy and shallow; a Death that I abhor; for the Water swells a Man, and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd? I should have been a Mountain of Mummy.

Bar. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some Sack to the *Thames*-Water, for my Belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd *Snow*-balls, for Pills to cool the Reins. Call her in.

Bar. Come in, Woman.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you Mercy.
Give your Worship Good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these Chalices;
Go, brew me a Pottle of *Sack* finely.

Bar. With Eggs, *Sir*?

Fal. Simple of itself: I'll no Pullet-*Sperm* in my Brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your Worship from Mrs. *Ford*.

Fal. Mrs. *Ford*? I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my Belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the Day! good Heart, that was not her Fault; she does so take on with her Men, they mistook their Erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish Woman's Promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, *Sir*, for it, that it would yern your Heart to see it. Her Husband goes this Morning a

birding, she desires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine, I must carry her Word quickly, she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so, and bid her think what a Man is: Let her consider his Frailty, and then judge of my Merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, *Sir.*

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master *Broom*; he sent me Word to stay within: I like his Money well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, Master *Broom*, you come to know what hath passed between me and *Ford*'s Wife.

Ford. That indeed, Sir *John*, is my Business.

Fal. Master *Broom*, I will not lye to you; I was at her House the Hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, *Sir*?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master *Broom.*

Ford. How Sir, did she change her Determination?

Fal. No, Master *Broom*; but the peaking Cornuto her Husband, Master *Broom*, dwelling in a continual larum of Jealousy, comes in the instant of our Encounter, after we had embraced, kiss'd, protested, and as it were spoke the Prologue of our Comedy, and at his Heels a rabble of his Companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his Distemper, and forsooth, to search his House for his Wife's Love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you.

Fal. You shall hear. As good Luck would have it, comes in one Mistress *Page*, gives Intelligence of *Ford*'s Approach, and in her Invention, and *Ford*'s Wife's Distraction, they convey'd me into a Buck-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a Buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul Shirts and *Smocks*, *Socks*, foul Stockings, and greasy

Napkins, that, Master *Broom*, there was the rankest Compound of villainous Smell, that ever offended Nostril.

Ford. And how lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master *Broom*, what I have suffer'd, to bring this Woman to evil, for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the Basket, a couple of *Ford's* Knaves, his Hinds, were call'd forth by their Mistress, to carry me in the name of foul Clothes to *Datchet Lane*; they took me on their Shoulders, met the jealous Knave their Master at the Door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their Basket; I quak'd for fear, lest the Lunatick Knave would have search'd it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a Cuckold, held his Hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul Cloths, but mark, the sequel, Master *Broom*, I suffered the Pangs of three several Deaths: First, an intolerable Fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten Bell-weather; next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo, in the Circumference of a Peck, hilt to point, heel to head, and then to be stopt in, like a strong Distillation, with stinking Clothes, that fretted in their own Greese: Think of that, a Man of my Kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as Butter, a Man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a Miracle to 'scape Suffocation. And in the height of this Bath, when I was more than half stew'd in Grease, like a *Dutch* Dish, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd glowing hot, in that serge, like a Horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot, think of that Master *Broom*.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffer'd all this. My Suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Broom*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into the *Thames*, e'er I will leave her thus. Her Husband is this Morning gone a birding; I have received from her another Ambassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the Hour, Master *Broom*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my Appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the Conclusion shall be crown'd

with

with your enjoying her; Adieu, you shall have her, Master *Broom*, Master *Broom*, you shall cuckold *Ford*.

[*Exit*.

Ford. Hum! Ha! Is this a Vision? Is this a Dream? Do I sleep? Master *Ford* awake, awake Master *Ford*; there's a Hole made in your best Coat, Master *Ford*; this is to be married? this 'tis to have Linnen and Buck-Baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am; I will now take the Leacher; he is at my House: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a Half penny Purse, nor into a Pepper-Box. But lest the Devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame; If I have Horns to make one mad, let the Proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad.

[*Exit*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mistress Page, *Mistress* Quickly, *and* William.

Mrs. *Page*. IS he at Mr. *Ford*'s already, think'st thou.

Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the Water; Mrs. *Ford* desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. *Page*. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young *Man* here to School. Look where his Master comes, 'tis a playing day I see. How now Sir *Hugh*, no *School* to Day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; *Master Slender* is let the Boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his Heart.

Mrs. *Page*. Sir *Hugh*, my Husband says my *Son* profits nothing in the World at his Book, I pray you ask him some Questions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither, *William*, hold up your Head, come.

Mrs. *Page.* Come on, *Sirrah*, hold up your Head, answer your Master be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many Numbers is in Nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one Number more, because they say od's Nowns.

Eva. Peace, your tatlings, what is *Fair*, *William*?

Will. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats? There are fairer things than Poulcats sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity o'man; I pray you peace. What is *Lapis*, *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Eva. And what is a *Stone*, *William*?

Will. A Pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your Prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good *William*: What is he, *William* that does lend Articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the Pronoun, and be thus declined *Singulariter Nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you mark: *Genitivo hujus*: Well, what is your *Accusative Case*?

Will. Accusative, hinc.

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance, Child, *Accusativo hing, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your Prabbles, o'man. What is the *Focative Case*, *William.*

Will. O, Vocativo, O.

Eva. Remember *William*, *Focative* is *caret.*

Quic. And that's a good Root.

Eva. O'man, forbear.

Mrs. *Page.* Peace.

Eva. What is your *Genitive Case Plural*, *William*?

Will. Genitive Case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive, horum, harum, horum.

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Ginyes* Case; fy on her; never name her, Child, if she be a Whore.

Eva. For shame o'man.

Quic.

Quic. You do ill to teach the Child such Words: He teaches him to hic, and to hac, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call horum; fy upon you.

Eva. 'Oman, art thou Lunacies? Hast thou no understandings for thy Cases, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian Creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. *Page.* Prythee hold thy Peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, some Declensions of your Pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. *Page.* He is a better Scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag Memory. Farewel Mrs. *Page.*

Mrs. *Page.* Adieu, good Sir *Hugh*.
Get you home, Boy. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Falstaff *and Mistress* Ford.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, your *Sorrow* hath eaten up my *Sufferance*; I see you are obsequious in your Love, and I profess Requital to a hair's breadth, not only, Mistress *Ford*, in the simple Office of Love, but in all the Accoustrement, Complement, and Ceremony of it. But are you sure of your Husband now?

Mrs. *Ford.* He's a Birding, sweet *Sir John*.

Mrs. *Page.* [*within*] What hoa, Gossip *Ford*! what hoa!

Mrs. *Ford.* Step into th' Chamber *Sir John*. [*Ex.* Fal.

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. *Page.* How now, sweet Heart, who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why none but mine own People.

Mrs. *Page.* Indeed!

Mrs. *Ford.* No certainly — *Speak* lounder.

Mrs. *Page.* Truly, I am so glad you have no body here

Mrs. *Ford.* Why?

Mrs. *Page.* Why Woman, your Husbard is in his old Lines again; he so takes on yonder with my Husband, so rails against all married Mankind, so curses all *Eve's* Daughters, of what Complexion soever, and so buffets

himself on the Forehead, crying peer out, peer out, that any Madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but Tameness, Civility and Patience to this Distemper he is now in; I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why does he talk of him?

Mrs. *Page.* Of none but him, and swears he was carried out the last time he search'd for him in a Basket; protests to my Husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their Company from their Sport, to make another Experiment of his Suspicion; but I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall see his own Foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, *Mistress Page.*

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at Streets end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then thou art utterly sham'd, and he is but a dead man. What a Woman are you? away with him, away with him; better Shame than *Murder.*

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the Basket again?

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, alas, three of *Master Ford's* Brothers watch the Door with Pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip ere he came; But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the Chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their Birding Pieces; creep into the Kill Hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my Word: Neither Press, Coffer, Chest, Trunk, Well, Vault, but he hath an Abstract for the remembrance of such Places, and goes to them by his Note, there is no hiding you in the House.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own Semblance, you die, Sir *John,* unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not, there is no Woman's Gown big enough for him, otherwise he might put a Hat, a *Muffler,* and a Kerchief, and so escape.

Fal.

Fal. Good Heart, deviſe ſomething; any Extremity rather than Miſchief.

Mrs. *Ford.* My Maid's Aunt, the fat Woman of *Brainford* has a Gown above.

Mrs. *Page.* On my Word it will ſerve him, ſhe's as big as he is, and there's her thrumb Hat, and her Muffler too, Run up, Sir *John.*

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, go, ſweet Sir *John,* Mrs. *Page* and I will look ſome Linnen for your Head.

Mrs. *Page.* Quick, quick, we'll come dreſs you ſtraight, put on the Crown the while. [*Ex.* Fal.

Mrs. *Ford.* I would my Husband would meet him in this Shape, he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford,* he ſwears ſhe's a Witch, forbad her my Houſe, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. *Page.* Heav'n guide him to my Husband's Cudgel, and the Devil guide his Cudgel afterwards.

Mrs. *Ford.* But is my Husband coming?

Mrs. *Page.* Ay in good Sadneſs is he, and talks of the Basket too, howſoever he hath had Intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my Men to carry the Basket again, to meet him at the Door with it as they did laſt time.

Mrs. *Page.* Nay but he'll be here preſently; let's go dreſs him like the Witch of *Brainford.*

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll firſt direct my Men what they ſhall do with the Basket: go up, I'll bring Linnen for him ſtraight.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him, diſhoneſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe him enough.
We'll leave a Proof, by that which we will do.
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too.
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh:
'Tis old but true, ſtill Swine eat all the Draugh.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go Sirs, take the Basket again on your Shoulders, your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down obey him: Quickly, diſpatch.

Enter Servants with the Basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray Heav'n it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, *and* Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the Basket Villain; somebody call my wife: Youth in a Basket! Oh you panderly Rascals, there's a Knot, a Gang, a Pack, a Conspiracy against me; now shall the Devil be sham'd. What Wife, I say; come, come forth, behold what honest Clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why this passes, Master *Ford*, you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why this is Lunaticks; this is mad as a mad Dog.

Shal. Indeed, Master *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir, Come hither Mistress *Ford*, Mistress *Ford*, the honest Woman, the modest Wife, the virtuous Creature that hath the jealous Fool to her Husband: I suspect without cause, Mistress, do I.

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n be my Witness you do, if you suspect me in any Dishonesty.

Ford. Well said Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth Sirrah. [*Pulls the Cloaths out of the Basket.*

Page. This passes.

Mrs. *Ford.* Are you not ashamed? let the Clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your Wife's Cloaths! Come away.

Ford. Empty the Basket, I say.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why Man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a Man, there was one convey'd out of my House yesterday in this Basket; why may not he be there again? In my House I am sure he is; my Intelligence is true, my Jealousy is reasonable, pluck me out all the Linnen.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you find a Man there, he shall die a Flea's Death.

Page. Here's no Man.

Shal. By my Fidelity this is not well, Master *Ford*, this wrongs you.

Eva. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the Imagination of your own Heart; this is Jealousies.

Ford. Well he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your Brain.

Ford.

Ford. Help to ſearch my Houſe this one time, if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my Extremity; let me for ever be your Table ſport; let them ſay of me, As jealous as *Ford*, that ſearched a hollow Walnut for his Wive's Lemman. Satisfy me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. *Ford.* What hoa, Miſtreſs *Page*! come you and the old Woman down; my Husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old Woman! what old Woman's that?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, it is my Maid's Aunt of *Brainford.*

Ford. A Witch, a Quean, an old cozening Quean; have I not forbid her my Houſe? She comes of Errands, does ſhe? We are ſimple Men, we do not know what's brought to paſs under the Profeſſion of Fortune-telling. She works by Charms, by Spells, by the Figure, and ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our Element; we know nothing. Come down, you Witch, you hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, good ſweet Husband; good Gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old Woman.

Enter Falſtaff *in Womens Clothes.*

Mrs. *Page.* Come Mother *Prat*, come, give me your Hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my Door your Witch [*Beats him*] you Hag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll Fortune-tell you. [*Exit* Fal.

Mrs. *Page.* Are you not aſham'd?
I think you have kil'd the poor Woman.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly Credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, Witch.

Eva. By yea, and no, I think the 'oman is a Witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great Peard: I ſpy a great Peard under her Muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, Gentlemen? I beſeech you follow; ſee but the Iſſue of my Jealouſy; if I cry out thus upon no Trial, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his Humour a little further:
Come, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. *Page.* Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay by th' Mass that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll have the Cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the Altar; it hath done meritorious Service.

Mrs. *Ford.* What think you? May we, with the warrant of Woman-hood, and the Witness of a g
science, pursue him with any further Revenge

Mrs. *Page.* The Spirit of Wantonness is sure
of him; if the Devil have him not in Fee-sim
Fine and Recovery, he will never, I think, in
of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we tell our Husbands how
served him?

Mrs. *Page.* Yes, by all means, if it be but
the Figures out of your Husband's Brain. If
find in their Hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Kn
be any further afflicted, we two will still be the M

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll warrant they'll have him
sham'd, and methinks there wou'd be no Peri
Jest, should he not be publickly sham'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Come to the Forge with it, then
I would not have things cool.

SCENE III.

Enter Host *and* Bardolph.

Bar. Sir, the *German* desires to have three
Horses; the Duke himself will be to morrow
and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so se
hear not of him in the Court: Let me speak
Gentlemen: they speak *English.*

Bar. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host They shall have my Horses, but I'll m
pay, I'll sawce them. They have had my
Week at Command; I have turned away m
Guests; they must come off; I'll sawce them,

SCENE IV.

Enter Page, Ford, *Mistress* Page, *Mistress* Ford, *and* Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best Discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

Mrs. *Page.* Within a quarter of an Hour.

Ford. Pardon me, Wife, henceforth do what thou wilt.
I rather will suspect the Sun with Cold,
Than thee with Wantonness; now doth thy Honour stand,
In him that was of late an Heretick,
As firm of Faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well: no more.
Be not extream in Submission, as in Offence.
But let our Plot go forward: Let our Wives
Yet once again, to make us publick Sport,
Appoint a Meeting with this old fat Fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him Word they'll meet him in the Park at Midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You say he hath been thrown into the River: and has been grievously peaten, as an old o'man; methinks there should be Terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his Flesh is punished, he shall have no Desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. *Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him when he comes; and let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. *Page.* There is an old Tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter, sometime a Keeper in *Windsor* Forest,
Doth all the Winter time at still of Midnight
Walk round about an Oak, with great ragged Horns,
And there he blasts the Tree, and takes the Cattle,
And makes Milch kine yield Blood, and shakes a Chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our Age
This Tale of *Herne* the Hunter for a Truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of Night to walk by this *Herne*'s Oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry this is our Device,
That *Falstaff* at that Oak shall meet with us.

Page.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this Shape when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? What is your Plot?

Mrs. *Page.* That likewiſe we have thought upon, and [thus:
Nan Page (my Daughter) and my little Son,
And three or four more of their Growth, we'll dreſs
Like Urchin, Ouphes, and Fairies, green and white,
With Rounds of waxen Tapers on their Heads,
And Rattles in their Hands; upon a ſudden,
As *Falſtaff*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a Saw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed Song: Upon their ſight
We two, in great Amazedneſs, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
And ask him why, that Hour of Fairy Revel,
In their ſo ſacred Paths he dares to tread
In Shape prophane.

Mrs. *Ford.* And till he tell the Truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him ſound,
And burn him with their Tapers.

Mrs. *Page.* The Truth being known,
We'll all preſent ourſelves; diſhorn the *Spirit*,
And mock him him home to *Windſor.*

Ford. The Children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the Children their Behaviours, and I will be like a Jack-an-apes alſo, to burn the Knight with my Taber.

Ford. This will be excellent,
I'll go buy them Vizards.

Mrs. *Page.* My *Nan* ſhall be the Queen of all the Fairies, finely attired in a Robe of White.

Page. That Silk would I go buy, and in that time
Shall Mr. *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*. Go ſend to *Falſtaff* ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the Name of *Broom*,
He'll tell me all his Purpoſe. Sure he'll come.

Mrs. *Page.* Fear not you that; go get us Properties
And tricking for your Fairies.

Eva.

Eva. Let us about it,
It is admirable Pleasures, and ferry honest Knaveries.
[*Exit* Page, Ford, *and* Evans.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, Mrs. *Ford*,
And quickly to Sir *John*, to know his Mind.
[*Exit Mrs.* Ford.

I'll to the Doctor, he hath my good Will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*,
That *Slender*, tho' well landed is an Ideot;
And he my Husband best of all affects;
The Doctor is well mony'd, and his Friends
Potent at Court; he, he, none but he shall have her,
Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Host *and* Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, Boor? what, Thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Falstaff* from Mr. *Slender*.

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his Standing-bed and Truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the Story of the Prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: Knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old Woman, a fat Woman gone up into his Chamber, I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down; I come to speak with her indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat Woman? The Knight may be robbed: I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John*! speak from thy Lungs Millitary: Art thou there? It is thine Host, thine *Ephesian* calls.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat Woman: Let her descend, Bully, let her descend: my Chambers are honourable, Fie, Privacy! Fie.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat Woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wise Woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. Ay marry was it, Muscle-shell, what would you with her.

Simp. My Master, Sir, my Master *Slender* sent to her seeing her go thro' the Street, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a Chain, had the Chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old Woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry she says, that the very same Man that beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman herself, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? Let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Mistress *Anne Page*; to know if it were my Master's Fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis 'tis his Fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no; Go, say the Woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Host. Ay Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your Worship; I shall make my Master glad with these Tidings. [*Exit.* Simp.

Host. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*, Was there a wise Woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Host*, one that hath taught me more Wit than ever I learn'd before in my Life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bar. Out alas, Sir, Cozenage; meer Cozenage!

Host. Where is my Horses? Speak well of them Varletto.

Bar. Run away with the Cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a Slough of Mire, and set Spurs,

and away; like three *German* Devils, three Doctor *Faustuses.*

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, Villain, do not say they be fled; *Germans* are honest Men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your Entertainments; there is a Friend of mine come to Town, tells me there is three Cozen-Jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hosts* of *Reading,* of *Maiden-head,* of *Colebrook,* of Horses and Money. I tell you for good Will, look you; you are wise, and full of Gibes and vlouting Stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver's mine *Host de Jerteer?*

Host. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful Dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell dat is vat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand Preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*; by my trot, der is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come, I tell you for good Will; adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, Villian go; assist me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, Hue and Cry. Villain, I am undone. [*Ex.*

Fal. I would all the World might be cozen'd, for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the Ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my Transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my Fat, Drop by Drop, and liquor Fishermens Boats with me; I warrant they would whip me with their Wits, 'till I were crest-fain as a dry'd Pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore my self at *Primero.* Well, if my Wind were but long enough, I would repent. Now, whence come you?

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. From the two Parties, forsooth.

Fal. The Devil take one Party, and his Dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd; I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the vil-

lainous

lainous Inconstancy of Man's Disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them? Mistress *Ford*, good Heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white Spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue, I was beaten myself into all Colours of the Rain-bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable Dexterity of Wit, counterfeiting the Action of an old Woman, deliver'd me, the Knave Constable had set me i'th' Stocks, i'th' common Stocks for a Witch.

Quic. Sir let me speak with you in your Chamber, you shall hear how things go, and I warrant, to your Content. Here is a Letter will say somewhat. Good Hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? Sure one of you does not serve Heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Fenton *and* Host.

Host. Master *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my Purpose,
And, as I am a Gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred Pound in Gold more than your Loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master *Fenton*, and I will at the least keep your Counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear Love I bear to' the fair *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my Affection,
(So far forth as herself might be her Chuser)
Ev'n so my Wish; I have a Letter from her
Of such Contents, as you will wonder at;
The Mirth whereof's so larded with my Matter,
That neither singly can be manifested.
Without the shew of both. Fat Sir *John Falstaff*
Hath a great Scene; the Image of the Jest
I'll shew you here at large. Hark good mine Host;
To Night at *Herne*'s Oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet *Nan* present the Fairy Queen,

The Purpose why, is here; in which Disguise,
While other Jests are something rank on Foot,
Her Father hath commanded her to slip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry; she hath consented. Now, Sir,
Her Mother, even strong against the Match,
And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he should likewise shuffle her away,
While other Sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the Deanry, where a Priest attends,
Straight marry her; to this her Mother's Plot,
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the Doctor: Now thus it rests;
Her Father means she shall be all in White,
And in that Habit, when *Slender* sees his Time
To take her by the Hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him. Her Mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they must be all mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint in Green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With Ribbands Pendant, flaring 'bout her Head;
And when the Doctor spies his Vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the Hand, and on that Token,
The maid hath given Consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? Father or Mother.

Fent. Both, my good Host, to go along with me;
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful Name of marrying,
To give our Hearts united Ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your Device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a Priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beside, I'll make a present Recompenco.

[*Exeunt*

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, *and Mistress* Quickly.

Fal. PRy'thee no more pratling; go, I'll hold. This is the third Time: I hope good Luck lies in odd Numbers; away, go; they say there is Divinity in odd Numbers, either in Nativity, Chance or Death: away.

Quic. I'll provide you a Chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a Pair of Horns. [*Ex. Mistress* Quic.

Fal. Away, I say, Time wears: hold up your Head, and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now Master *Broom?* Master *Broom*, the matter will be known to Night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at *Herne*'s Oak, and you shall see Wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her Yesterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master *Broom*, as you see, like a poor old Man; but I came from her Master *Broom*, like a poor old Woman. That same Knave, *Ford* her Husband, hath the finest mad Devil of Jealousy in him, Master *Broom*, that ever governed Frenzy. I will tell you, he beat me grievously in the shape of a Woman; for in the shape of a Man, Master *Broom*, I fear not *Goliah* with a Weaver's Beam; Because I know also Life is a Shuttle; I am in haste; go along with me, I'll tell you all Master *Broom*. Since I pluckt Geese, play'd Truant, and whipt Top, I know not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this Knave *Ford*, on whom to Night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his Wife into your Hand. Follow; strange things in hand, Master *Broom*, follow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Page. Come, come, we'll couch i'th' Castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember, *Son Slender*, my Daughter.

Slen. Ay forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a Nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in White and cry Mum, she cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your Mum, or her Budget? The White will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'Clock.

Page. The Night is dark, Light and Spirits will become it well; Heav'n prosper our Sport. No Man means evil but the Devil, and we shall know him by his Horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress Page, *Mistress* Ford, *and* Caius.

Mrs. *Page.* Mr. Doctor, my Daughter is in Green, when you see your time, take her by the Hand, away with her to the Deanery, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the Park, we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Page.* Fare you well, Sir, My Husband will not rejoice so much at the Abuse of *Falstaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my Daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. *Ford.* Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of Fairies, and the *Welch* Devil *Herne*?

Mrs. *Page.* They are all couch'd in a Pit hard by *Herne*'s Oak, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaff*'s and our meeting they will at once display to the Night.

Mrs. *Ford.* That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. *Page.* If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd he will be mock'd.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. *Page.* Against such Lewdsters, and their Leachery, Those that betray them do no Treachery.

Mrs. *Ford.* The Hour draws on; to the Oak, to the Oak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Evans *and* Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, Fairies; come and remember your Parts: Be bold, I pray you, follow me into the Pit, and when I give the Watch'ords do as I bid you; Come, come, trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. The *Windsor* Bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on; now the hot-blooded Gods assist me. Remember *Jove*, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa*; Love set on thy Horns. Oh powerful Love! that in some respects makes a Beast a Man; in some other a Man a Beast. You were also, *Jupiter* a *S*wan for the Love of *Leda*: Oh omnipotent Love! how near the God drew to the Complexion of a Goose, a Fault done first in the form of a Beast, O *Jove*, a beastly Fault; and then another Fault in the semblance of a Fowl; think on't *Jove*, a foul Fault. When Gods have hot Backs, what shall poor Men do? For me, I am here a *Windsor S*tag, and the fattest, I think, i'th' Forrest. *S*end me a cool Rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Mistress Ford, *and Mistress* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John*? Art thou there, my Deer? My Male-Deer?

Fal. My Doe with the black *S*cut? let the *S*ky rain Potatoes, let it thunder to the Tune of *Green Sleeves*, hail Kissing Comforts, and snow Eringoes; let there come a Tempest of Provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Mrs. *Page* is come with me, sweet Heart.

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd Buck, each a Haunch, I will keep my Sides to my self, my Shoulders for the Fellow of this Walk, and my Horns I bequeath your Husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? *S*peak I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is *Cupid* a Child of Conscience; he makes Restitution, as I am a true *S*pirit, welcome. [*Noise within.*

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! what Noise?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n forgive our *S*ins.

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. *Ford.* Mrs. *Page.* Away, away.

[*The Women run out.*

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me damn'd,
Lest the Oil that is in me should set Hell on Fire;
He would never else cross me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Quic. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine Revellers and shades of Night,
You Orphan-Heirs of fixed Destiny,
Attend your Office and your Quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the Fairy O-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your Names, silence, you airy Toys,
Cricket, to *Windsor* Chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where Fires thou find'st unrak'd, and Hearth's unswept,
There pinch the Maids as blue as Bilbery,
Our radiant Queen hates Sluts and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
I'll wink and couch; no Man their Works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his Face.*

Eva. Where's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere she sleep hath thrice her Prayers said,
Raise up the Organs of her Fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless Infancy;
But those that sleep, and think not on their Sins,
Pinch them, Arms, Legs, Backs, Shoulders, *Sides*, and Shins.

Quic. About, about;
Search *Windsor* Castle, Elves, within and out,
Strew good Luck, Ouphes, on every sacred Room,
That it may stand till the pepetual Doom,
In State as wholsome, as in State 'tis fit;
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The several Chairs of Order look you scour,
With Juice of Balm and ev'ry precious Flow'r;
Each fair Instalment, Coat and several Crest,
With loyal Blazon ever more be blest.
And nightly-meadow-Fairies, look you sing
Like to the *Garter*-compass in a Ring:
Th' Expressure that it bears, Green let it be,
More fertile fresh than all the Field to see:
And, *Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense* write
In Emrold-tuffs, Flowers, purple, blue and white,

Like

Like Saphire-pearl, and rich Embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hoods bending Knee;
Fairies use Flow'rs for their Charactery.
Away, disperse; but till 'tis one o'Clock
Our dance of Custom round about the Oak
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you lock Hand in Hand, yourselves in order [set,
And twenty Glo-worms shall our Lanthorns be
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
But stay, I smell a Man of middle Earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* Fairy,
Lest he transform me to a Piece of Cheese.

Pist. Vile Worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy Birth.

Quic. With Trial-fire touch me his Finger End;
If he be Chaste, the Flame will back descend
And turn him to no Pain; but if he start,
It is the Flesh of a corrupted Heart.

Pist. A Trial, come.

[*They burn him with their Tapers, and pinch him.*

Eva. Come, will this Wood take Fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in Desire:
About him, Fairies, sing a scornful Rhime,
And as you trip, still pinch him to your Time.

The SONG.

Fie on simple Phantasie: Fie on Lust and Luxury:
Lust is but a bloody Fire, kindled with unchaste Desire,
Fed in Heart whose Flames aspire,
As Thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him Fairies, mutually; pinch him for his Villany,
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moon-shine be out.

[He offers to run out.

Enter Page, Ford, *&c. They lay hold of him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly, I think I have watcht you now;
Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your Turn?

Mrs. *Page.* I pray you come, hold up the Jest no higher.

Now,

Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windsor* Wives?
See you these Husbands? Do not these fair Oaks
Become the Forest better than the Town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a Cuckold now?
Master *Broom*, *Falstaff*'s a Knave, a cuckoldy Knave,
Here are his Horns, Master *Broom*;
And, Master *Broom*; he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford*'s, but his Buck-basket, his Cudgel, and twenty Pounds of Money, which must be paid to Master *Broom*, his Horses are arrested for it, Master *Broom*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John* we have had ill Luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my Love again, but I will always count you my Deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Ass.

Ford. Ay, and an Ox too: Both the Proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:
I was three or four times in the Thought they were not Fairies, and yet the Guiltiness of my Mind, the sudden Surprize of my Powers, drove the Grosness of the Foppery into a receiv'd Belief, in despight of the Teeth of all Rhime and Reason, that they were Fairies. See now how Wit may be made Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill Imployment.

Eva. Sir *John Falstaff*, serve Got, and leave your Desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, Fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your Jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my Wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my Brain in the Sun and dry'd it, that it wants Matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a *Welch* Goat too? Shall I have a Coxcomb of Frize? 'Tis time I were choaked with a piece of toasted Cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give Putter; your Pelly is all Putter.

Fal. Seese and Putter! Have I liv'd to stand in the Taunt of one that makes Fitters of *English*? This is enough to be the decay of Lust and late Walking, through the Realm.

Mrs. *Page.* Why Sir *John*, do you think tho' we would have thrust Virtue out of our Hearts by the Head

and Shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our Delight?

Ford. What, a Hodge pudding! A Bag of Flax!

Mrs. *Page.* A puft Man!

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable Entrails.

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan!

Page. And as poor as *Job*!

Ford. And as wicked as his Wife!

Eva. And given to Fornications, and to Taverns, and Sack and Wine, Metheglins, and to Drinkings, and Swearings, and Staring, Pribbles and Prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your Theme, you have the Start of me, I am dejected; I am not able to answer the *Welch* Flannel, Ignorance itself is a Plummet o'er me, use me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'll bring you to *Windsor* to one Mr. *Broom*, that you have cozened of Money, to whom you should have been a Pander: Over above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that Money will be a biting Affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight, thou shalt eat a Posset to Night at my House, where I will desire thee to laugh at my Wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her Daughter.

Mrs. *Page.* Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my Daughter, she is, by this, Doctor *Caius*'s Wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! Father *Page*!

Page. Son? How now? How now Son,
Have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in *Gloucestershire* know on't; would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, Son.

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mrs. *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not been i'th' Church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a Post-master's Boy.

Page. Upon my Life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a Boy for a Girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in Womens Apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own Folly:
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my Daughter
By her Garments?

Slen. I went to her in white and cry'd Mum, and ſhe cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſter's Boy.

Mrs. *Page.* Good *George* be not angry; I knew of your Purpoſe, turn'd my Daughter into Green, and indeed ſhe is now with the Doctor in the Deanery, and there marry'd.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is Mrs. *Page*; by gar, I am cozen'd, I ha marry'd on Garſoon, a Boy; oon Peaſant, by gar. A Boy; it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, did you take her in Green?

Caius. Ay by gar, and 'tis a Boy; be gar, I'll raiſe all *Windſor.*

Ford. This is ſtrange! who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My Heart miſgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton*
How now Mr. *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon, good Father; good my mother, Pardon

Page. Now Miſtreſs,
How chance you went not with Mr. *Slender*?

Mrs. *Page.* Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, Maid

Fen. You do amaze her. Hear the Truth of it.
You would have marry'd her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in Love:
The Truth is, ſhe and I long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolve us.
Th' Offence is holy that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit loſes the name of Craft,
Of Diſobedience, or unduteous Title;
Since therein ſhe doth eviate and ſhun
A thouſand Irreligious curſed Hours,
Which forced Marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no Remedy.
In Love, the Heav'ns themſelves do guide the State;
Money buys Lands, and Wives are ſold by Fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special Stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what Remedy? *Fenton*, Heav'n give thee Joy.
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When Night-dogs run, all sorts of Deer are chac'd.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, I will muse no further, Mr. *Fenton*,
Heav'n give you many, many merry Days.
Good Husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this Sport o'er by a Country Fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so, Sir *John*;
To Master *Broom* you yet shall hold your Word:
For he, to Night, shall lie with Mistress *Ford*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.